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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., SEPTEMBER 22, 1875.

NO. 38.

For the Hartford Herald.
MAKING UP DOUGH.

BY ALEX. H. CUMMINS.

'Twas a beautiful evening,
And sweet shone the moon,
Her soft rays were as bright
As mid-day in June,
As away to the well
I concluded to go,
Where a beautiful girl
Was making up dough.

The tea-kettle at home
Was simmering low,
For want of the fluid
To boil it, you know,
So I drew up the water,
Reluctant and slow,
And gazed long at the girl
A making up dough.

I sat down to the table
Quite thoughtful and sad,
The "Young Hyson" was weak,
The beef steak was bad,
So I took up a biscuit,
Quite natural, you know,
And I thought of the girl
A making up dough.

I dreamed in my sleep,
While the stars above shone,
Like so many warm biscuits,
All wrap'd up in love;
Of the white tapering arms,
And cheeks all aglow,
Of the sweet witching creature
A making up dough.

I concluded each evening
To visit the well,
And draw up the water,
Entranced by the spell
That glean'd from the window,
Until I should know
The Angelic creature
A making up dough.

So one lucky evening—
I remember it well—
Just as I was leaving,
I stumbled and fell:
My head struck the window—
It frightened her so—
The timid young creature
A making up dough.

All matters explained,
She laugh'd at her fears,
And blushed when I told her
The fault was all hers;
To me, nothing more beautiful,
E'en the roses that blow,
Than the witching young creature
A making up dough.

Time, with his troubles,
Has roll'd on each year,
Changing joy into sorrow
And doubt into fear,
And I sigh at the changes—
The roses to snow—
On the cheeks of my darling
Who made up the dough.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DU MAN,
Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"
"The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty
Years After," "The Man from
the Son of Athos," "Louise de
Valois," "The Iron
Mask," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE TULIP FINANCER AND HIS NEIGHBOR
Whilst the burghers of the Hague were tearing in pieces the bodies of John and Cornelius De Witte, and whilst William of Orange, after having made sure that his two antagonists were dead, was galloping on the Leyden road, followed by Captain Van Deken, whom he found a little too compassionate to honor him any longer with his confidence, Craeke, the faithful servant, mounted on a good horse, and little suspecting what terrible events had taken place since his departure, proceeded along the high road lined with trees, until he was clear of the town and the neighboring villages.

Being once safe, he, with a view of avoiding suspicion, left his horse at a livery stable, and quietly continuing his journey on the canal-boats to Dort, soon despaired that cheerful city, at the foot of a hill dotted with windmills. He saw the fine red brick houses, mortared in white linens, standing on the edge of the water, and their balconies, open towards the river decked with gold flowers, the wonderful manufacture of India and China; and near the brilliant stuffs, large lines set to attract the houses by the garbagethrown every day from the kitchen into the river.

Craeke, standing on the deck of the boat, saw, across the moving sails of the windmills, on the slope of the hill, the red and pink house which was the goal of his errand. The outlines of its roof were merging in the yellow foliage of a curtain of poplar-trees, the whole habitation having for back-ground a dark grove of gigantic elms. The mansion was situated in such a way, that the sun, falling on it as into a funnel, dried up, warmed, and fertilized the mist which the verdant screen could not prevent the river-wind from carrying there ever morning and evening.

Having disembarked unobserved among the usual bustle of the city, Craeke at once directed his steps towards the house which we have just described, and which—white, trim, and tidy, even more cleanly-soud and more carefully waxed in the hidden corners than in the places which were exposed to view—included a truly happy mortal.

This happy mortal, *rara avis*, was

Doctor Van Baerle, the godson of Cornelius De Witte. He had inhabited the same house ever since his childhood; for it was the house in which his father and grandfather, old-established princely merchants of the princely city of Dort, were born.

Mynheer Van Baerle, the father, had amassed in the Indian trade, three or four hundred thousand guilders, which Mynheer Van Baerle, the son, at the death of his dear and worthy parents, found still quite new, although one set of them bore the date of coinage of 1640, and the other that of 1610, a fact which proved that they were guilders of Van Baerle the father, and of Van Baerle the grandfather; but we will inform the reader at once, that these three or four hundred thousand guilders were only the pocket-money, or a sort of purse, for Cornelius Van Bearle, the hero of this story, and his landed property in the province yielded him an income of about ten thousand guilders a year.

When the worthy citizen, the father of Cornelius, passed from time into eternity, three months after having buried his wife, who seemed to have departed first to smooth for him the path of death as she had smoothed for him the path of life, he said to his son as he embraced him for the last time,—

"Eat, drink, and spend your money, if you wish to know what life really is; for as to toiling from morn to evening on a wooden stool, or a leather chair, in a counting-house or a laboratory, that certainly is not living. Your time to die will also come; and if you are not then so fortunate to have a son, you will let my name grow extinct, and my guilders which no one has ever fingered but my father, myself, and the coiner, will have the surprise of passing to an unknown master. And least of all imitate the example of our godfather Cornelius De Witte, who has plunged into politics, the most ungrateful of all careers, and who will certainly come to an untimely end."

Having given utterance to this paternal advice, the worthy Mynheer Van Baerle died, to the intense grief of his son Cornelius, who cared very little for the guilders, and very much for his father.

Cornelius, then, remained alone in his large house. In vain his godfather offered to hire a place in the public service; in vain did he try to give him a taste for glory. Cornelius Van Baerle, who was present in De Ruyter's flag-ship, "The Seven Provinces," at the battle of Southwold Bay, only calculated after the fight was over, how much time a man, who likes to shut himself up within his own thoughts, is obliged to waste in closing his eyes and stopping his ears, whilst his fellow-creatures indulge in the pleasure of shooting at each other with cannon-balls. He, therefore, bade farewell to De Ruyter, to his godfather, and to glory; kissed the hands of the Grand Pensionary, for whom he felt a profound veneration, and retired to his house at Dort, which possessed every element of what alone was happiness to him.

He studied plants and insects, collected and classified the Flora of all the Dutch islands, arranged the whole entomology of the province, on which he wrote a treatise, with plates drawn by his own hands, and at last, being at a loss what to do with his time, and especially with his money, which went on accumulating at a most alarming rate, he took it into his head to select for himself, from all the follies of his country and of his age, one of the most elegant and expensive,—he became a tulip fancier.

It was the time when the Dutch and the Portuguese, rivalling each other in the branch of the canal-boats to Dort, soon despaired that cheerful city, at the foot of a hill dotted with windmills. He saw the fine red brick houses, mortared in white linens, standing on the edge of the water, and their balconies, open towards the river decked with gold flowers, the wonderful manufacture of India and China; and near the brilliant stuffs, large lines set to

attract the houses by the garbagethrown every day from the kitchen into the river.

Some people from Dort to Mons began to talk of Mynheer Van Baerle's tulips; and his beds, pits, drying-rooms, and drawers of bulbs were visited, as the galleries and libraries of Alexandria were by illustrious Roman travelers.

Van Baerle began by expending his yearly revenue in laying the groundwork of his collection, after which he built upon his new guilders to bring it to perfection. His exertions, indeed, were crowned with a most magnificent result: he procured three new tulips, which he called the "Jane," after his mother; the "Van Baerle," after his father; and the "Cornelius," after his godfather; the other names have escaped us, but the fanciers will be sure to find them in the catalogues of the times.

In the beginning of the year 1672, Cornelius De Witte came to Dort for three months, to live at his old family mansion; for not only was he been in that city, but his family had been resident there for

centuries.

Cornelius, at that period, as William of Orange said, began to enjoy the most perfect unpopularity. To his fellow-citizens, the good burghers of Dort, however, he did not appear in the light of a criminal who deserved to be hung. It is true, they did not particularly like his somewhat austere republicanism, but they were proud of his valor; and when he made his entrance into their town, a

hostile crowd and a scoundrel, who had

been sent to him by the king, were

surprised to see him enter the town,

and when he was received by the

burghers, he was received with a

hostile reception, and when he

walked through the streets, he was

surprised to see him enter the town,

enough in the name of the city.

After having thanked his fellow-citizens, Cornelius proceeded to his old paternal house, and gave directions for some repairs, which he wished to have executed before the arrival of his wife and children; and thence he wended his way to the house of his godson, who, perhaps, was the only person in Dort as yet unacquainted with the presence of Cornelius in the town.

In the same degree as Cornelius De Witte had excited the hatred of the people, by sowing those evils seeds which are called political passions, Van Baerle had gained the affections of his fellow-citizens by completely shunning the pursuit of politics, absorbed as he was in the peaceful pursuit of cultivating tulips.

Van Baerle was truly beloved by his servants and laborers; nor had he any conception that there was in this world a man who wished ill to another.

And yet it must be said, to the disgrace of mankind, that Cornelius Van Baerle, without being aware of the fact, had a much more ferocious, fierce, and implacable enemy than the Grand Pensionary and his brother had among the Orange party.

At the time when Cornelius Van Baerle began to devote himself to tulip-growing, expending on this hobby his yearly revenue and the guilders of his father, there was at Dort, living next door to him, a citizen of the name of Isaac Boxtel, who, from the age when he was able to think for himself, had indulged the same fancy, and who was in ecstasy at the mere mention of the word tulips.

Boxtel had not the good fortune of being rich like Van Baerle. He had, therefore, with great care and patience, and by dint of strenuous exertions, laid out near his house at Dort, a garden fit for the culture of his cherished flower; he had mixed the soil according to the most approved prescriptions, and given to his tulips just as much heat and air as the strictest rules of horticulture exact.

Isaac knew the temperature of his frames to the twentieth part of a degree. He knew the strength of the current of air, and tempered it so as to adapt it to the wave of the stems of his flowers. His productions also began to meet with the favor of the public. They were beautiful, nay, distinguished. Several fanciers had come to see Boxtel's tulips. He had even started a tulip which bore his name, and which, after having thrived all through France, had found its way into Spain, and penetrated as far as Portugal; and the King, Don Alphonse VI., who, being expelled from Lisbon, retired to the Island of Terceira, where he amused himself, not, like the Great Conde, with watering his carnations, but with growing tulips—had, on seeing the Boxtel tulip, exclaimed, "Not so bad, by Jove!"

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hostile crowd and a scoundrel, who had

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aware of the full extent of his misfortune, Van Baerle was known to be fond of everything that pleases the eye. He studied nature in all her aspects for the benefit of his paintings, which were as minutely finished as those of Gerard Dow, his master, and of Mieris, his friend. Was it not possible, that, having to paint the interior of a tulip grower's, he had collected in his new studio all the accessories of decoration?

Yet, although thus consoling himself with illusory suppositions, Boxtel was not able to resist the burning curiosity which was devouring him. In the evening, therefore, he placed a ladder against the partition-gall between their gardens, and, looking into that of his neighbor Van Baerle, he convinced himself, the soil of a large square bed, which had formerly been occupied by different plants, was removed, and the ground disposed in beds of loam mixed with river mud (a combination which is particularly favorable to the tulip), and the whole surrounded by a border of turf to keep the soil in its place. Besides this, sufficient shade to temper the noon-day heat; aspect S.S.W.; water in abundant supply, and at hand; in short, every requirement to insure not only success but also progress. There could not be a doubt but that Van Baerle had become a tulip-grower.

Boxtel at once pictured to himself this learned man, with a capital of four hundred thousand, and a yearly income of ten thousand guilders, devoting all his intellectual and financial resources to the cultivation of the tulip. He foresees his neighbor's success, and he felt such a pang at the mere idea of his success, that his hands dropped powerless, his knees trembled, and he fell in despair from the ladder.

And thus it was not for the sake of painted tulips, but for real ones, that Van Baerle took from half a degree of warmth. And thus Van Baerle was to have the most admirably fitted aspect, and, besides, a large, airy and well-ventilated chamber, where to preserve his bulbs and seedling; whilst he, Boxtel, had been obliged to give up for this purpose his bed-room, and, lest his sleeping in the same apartment might injure his bulbs and seedlings, had taken up his abode in a miserable garret.

Boxtel, then, was to have next door to him a rival and successful competitor; and his rival, instead of being some unknown, obscure gardener, was the godson of Mynheer Cornelius De Witte, that is to say, a celebrated tulip-grower.

Boxtel, as the reader may see, was not possessed of the spirit of Porsus, who, on being conquered by Alexander, consoled himself with the celebrity of his conqueror.

And now if Van Baerle produced a new tulip, and named it the John De Witte, after having named one the Cornelius? It was indeed enough to choke honest Isaac with rage.

Thus Boxtel, with jealous forebodings, became the prophet of his own misfortune. And, after having made this melancholy discovery, he passed the most wretched night imaginable.

[Continued next week.]

INTERVIEWING A FARMER.

THE DISCOURSEMENT OF A CROP REPORTER.

[Louisville Ledger.]

Wishing to keep posted as to the condition of the crops, and to ascertain the exact amount of damage done by the recent flood, a reporter of the Leiger started out this morning on an interviewing expedition. He was fortunate enough to encounter a farmer at the edge of town, bringing a load of hay into the city. Burning with enthusiasm, the reporter hailed him. He halted, and the following colloquy took place:

"How are you, friend?"

"Tired."

"What's hay now?"

"Same as it always was."

"What's that?"

"Dried grass."

"What did you think of the rain?"

"Thought it was damp."

"Didn't raise anything then, eh?"

"Nothing but an umbrella."

THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers.
JOHN P. BARRETT, Editor.
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22, 1875.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Some exception has been taken to the statement that many of the wealthy class are inimical to public schools. We believe it to be true. We think that many wealthy, and also many advanced and progressive people, look down upon our public schools. More than that, we think the feeling is perfectly natural, perfectly just, and entirely the result of natural causes.

The reason that many people think and feel that the public school is not a fit place for their children, is because the public school is not a fit place for anybody's child. We are not inclined to the opinion that the feeling comes from any sort of aristocratic instinct, or a desire for exclusiveness. The fund arising from the school tax is a mere nucleus, and must be so regarded. The prevalent idea is that the present fund is provided expressly to build school houses, buy fuel, pay the teachers' salaries, and all the necessary expenses of the schools. As a matter of fact, the fund will not meet one-half of this outlay. Hence, half-starved teachers, rickety school houses, want of fires, a four month school instead of eight, and a school to which no one will send who can possibly do better. Under this state of case we grumble that people turn up their noses at the public school, and cry out "Aristocracy!" There is no aristocracy about it. It is simply a school inadequate to the wants of the community.

We do not wish to decry public schools. The system is better than none, and not for worlds would we see it abolished. As a mere foundation it serves its purposes. The trouble is, we attempt to keep house in the foundation without thinking of the superstructure. The school fund must be donated. How should it be done? As a pauper county, it would be for the interest of Ohio county to vote an increase of the school tax, for we get back one half more than we pay. Under the Massachusetts system each school district must, by private tax, raise an amount equal to the public money, which at last is an increased taxation. It is useless to cry out that "money is money this year," money is always money, and has been and always will be. If times are more than usually stringent, a more rigid economy must be pursued. Then we shall be able to cheerfully meet the school tax. The result of the present system is, that every school is crowded full and running over. No teacher in the world can teach well more than thirty pupils, yet fifty, and even sixty are crowded upon them, and all because we shut our eyes to the fact that the public money is inadequate to the successful keeping of a five month school. In this state of affairs, we almost lose hope in finding that there are so many people who still oppose any school at all. However, a majority of the people at large are in favor of schools, and we cannot afford to waste pen and ink in making the dull ass mend his pace. We must have good schools at home as can be found abroad. We must have at home, a public school, with which the private school cannot compete. Thousands of dollars leave Ohio county annually in the shape of sending children away to be educated. What good and sufficient reason can be found to explain why better schools can be found in adjoining counties than we can possibly organize here? Who can explain why the county-seat of Ohio county should be disgraced by the present school building? But more of this anon.

Arrangements are now making all over the county to commence the public schools. Let the active men of each district see to it that there is a suitable building provided; that the benches are made comfortable, and the whole school made attractive. More attention should be paid to the teacher than to the price. Get a good teacher and then make the best trade you can. Tell the people you need money; that it will be judiciously expended, and they will respond to the call. It is probable the richest man in the district will give the least. Deal with him as best you can; coax, entice, and pound him; any way to get his money; the end justifies the means. If you fail, go to others who are not so rich. The man of average wealth is the most liberal, and universally bears the brunt of the expenses. Don't fall back and say "it's not my business." It is your business, and everybody's. That others fail is not your excuse. Iago's advice was to put money in your purse at all hazards. We call upon every trustee to see to it that a sum be raised in his district equal to the public money. If it cannot be raised one way, raise it another. Make a public school what it ought to be, and everyone will send to it, and we shall hear no more of "aristocrats."

OUR CANEYVILLE LETTER.

CANEYVILLE, KY., Sept. 18.
RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

At last our citizens have awakened to a sense of duty, and seem to be turning their attention to religious affairs more than ever before. A protracted meeting was in progress here all last week, at which several were converted, and to-day another commences by Eld. L. B. Davidson and Jessie Board, two excellent M. E. ministers. Our citizens have at last given the ball a kick and started it to rolling in the right direction. They have several hundred dollars subscribed, and Skaggs & Kennedy have taken a contract to erect a large and commodious church here for all denominations to preach in.

CAN'T SMELL WHIPLASH.

Whelo jr. belched at us considerable in the last issue of the Grayson county Herald but as he lives in North Canevillle distance prevented us from smelling the obnoxious odor.

THE NEW JAIL.

The work on the new jail at Leitchfield is progressing rapidly. The contractors have begun to lay the brick, and have about twenty hands employed, and the building will be completed in a short time should the weather remain favorable.

AT BUSINESS AGAIN.

We are glad to note that A. L. Blain of this place, who has been very low for two weeks, has recovered and is again able to be at business.

GONE TO THE LECTURES.

J. N. Brandon, a son of Dr. R. W. Brandon, left this place Thursday last for Louisville, where he will remain five months and attend medical lectures.

WANTS THE LADIES TO CALL.

Jops house is about complete. Come ladies and see how you like it.

HE WAS AGENT FOR CHURCHES.

He was agent for a patent churn. He called on the firm of Porter & Eskridge last Tuesday and wanted to sell them some churns, they told him they did not want to buy. He persisted so earnestly, however, that clerk Gary, thought he would direct the gentleman to a well known public character, who, if he could be found, would undoubtedly buy at least one churn.

Any how Gary asked him if he knew Thomas Collins Esq. He said he didn't; and asked if he was a man that would invest. Gary said he was, and sent him to the depot to hunt Collins. Collins had just gone to the post-office. He went to the post-office, Tom had just gone to Blains bar-room. He went to the bar-room and was informed by Jim Tilford, a friend of Mr. Collins, that he had just gone to South Caneyville. The Churn man hired a horse to make that point before train time. In South Caneyville he learned that Mr. Collins had just returned to the post-office. He met an acquaintance who told him that Mr. Collins had just passed up the street, and was looking for him. "Now that's just my luck," exclaimed the churn agent. "Here I have been running my legs off looking for Mr. Collins and now Mr. Collins is after me. Really this is too good;" and he slapped his hands with a big appreciation of the idea. It was noticeable that every one in the crowd at the store slapped their hands also twice to his once, "Why" he continued raising his voice to an enthusiastic pitch, "we may have actually passed each other on the street and not known it!" Whereat he laughed, and the crowd slapped their hands and laughed again, and more of it. Then he bid them a hasty good-bye and started on his chase, and the last we heard of him was hunting for Will T. Gary and not Tom. Collins.

ROMEO PINKSTAFF.

ERON LOUENVILLE.

LOUISVILL, KY., Sept. 20.
EDITOR HERALD.—After repeated promises, I will give you a line from the city, now alive with gaiety and just enough political excitement to keep the ordinary ward politician at fever heat. Of course you will understand that the mayoralty canvas, which has already grown interesting and exciting, is the cause of the stir in political circles. Although the election is over two months in the future, the friends of the opposing candidates are working like beavers, and criminations and recriminations are hurled with the bitterest feelings by those who labored shoulder to shoulder in former political contests. Really the situation is creating no little alarm in the minds of many of the more staid citizens, as to how or when the feud will end. Many will be pained out without stint, and the election bummer, whose services are indispensable in the city, will have no lack of material out of which to create a first class riot. The worst passions of the ignorant are being appealed to in speeches and harangues of the most inflammatory character, and while many are thoroughly disgusted at the course of both demagogues and their paid yelpers, the

forementioned bummer is in a perfect heaven of delight. I wish I could give your readers an idea of what manner of being the bummer is. He is a professional, as well as the lawyer, the doctor, or any other class of men, and like others, he is dependent upon his success—his merit as a manipulator of conventions and elections, for a livelihood. His manner of procedure is this: he goes into primaries with his crowd of roughs well pied with mean whisky, has himself elected delegate, and sells the ward or precinct to the highest bidder. His genius is not yet exhausted, as you will see when he recovers from his arduous labors; and a few days before the election, he pockets a fee from the opposition candidate, and sells the ward again. This is no imaginary sketch, but true to the life, and no man who hopes to be elected to any office in the city can afford to dispense with his services.

Teachers can be forced to attend the institutes by fines and forfeitures; but attending is one thing and learning is another, and so long as legal compulsion is resorted to, will the institutes be obnoxious and hateful to those for whose benefit they purport to have been created.

He contends for a uniformity of school books. Why should he at

tempt to galvanize and bolster up a dead issue? The law that was passed to affect that object is as inert as a ball of dough, and as ineffectual as a grindstone without a crank. The public mind is not sufficiently enslaved for the enforcement of such a law, and it is to be hoped never will be—and it is also to be hoped that the school law from which so many blessings are anticipated may never become an engine of oppression to make the people groan instead of rejoice. Some school officers go so far as to advocate the doctrine of compulsory attendance at school, such an idea is anti-American, and despotic, and no man having any love for a democratic government ought to be heard vindicating a system so monstrous. It is the duty of a teacher to use whatever books his pupils may carry to school, and not scold and storm in some do, because they cannot have everything to suit their own convenience—they never think of the continual expense to patrons of buying new books, when, perhaps there is any quantity of old books lying on the shelves as good as new. Teachers owe it to their patrons to favor their interests more than the evil projects of book sellers, who are eternally seeking some pretext to change their books and drive the previous editions out of the schools in order to throw new batches of books on the public, and extort from the people fresh supplies of money.

FROM TAYLORTOWN.

TAYLORTOWN, Sept. 15, 1875.
A FORTUNE BRADING TREE.

Last spring Mr. Ham. Brown hired a young man from Butler county, by the name of Austin Brown. Said young man told Mr. Brown the following curious incident: He said seven or eight years since, a man of very doubtful character, stayed at their house for some time. He gambled whenever opportunity offered. Said man's name was Bill Bumpus (or so he styled himself). While Bumpus was staying with Brown, he (Bumpus), heard that some men were at Rochester for the purpose of arresting him, when he heard this he took Brown with him in the woods, placed \$1700.00 in a hollow tree, (nine hundred dollars in greenbacks and the rest in gold and silver), and told Brown that if the men arrested him, and he heard nothing from him in eighteen months, for him to take the money and use it. The men did arrest Bumpus, and Brown never has heard from him since. Brown has been afraid to take the money for fear that there might be something wrong in regard to it, but last Saturday night (so he says) he went and got the money, which he says he now has.

Some people remember the arrest of Bumpus, although it is a strange story.

N. B.—Brown has been trying to play the devoted to a handsome widow, but has a rival in a gentleman who told said widow that he had \$1700.00 in cash. I wonder if Brown's luck will not turn the current in his favor?

H. B. T.

MR. C. TALKS AGAIN.

NO CREEK, KY., Sept. 21.
EDITOR HERALD.—By making an attack on the institutes I find I have got myself into business, and like a buffalo, surrounded by a pack of wolves, I no sooner repel an attack on one side than I am pitched into on the other. The task before me appears Herculean, and instead of the clouds lifting and the scene before me brightening up, and in the language of Pope, —

The increasing prospect tires my wandering eyes.

Hills peer o'er hills and Alps arise.

J. O. F. comes into the field full of "wrath and cabbage," and throws mud as freely as an old roadster; he flings mud at me, at "G. M. R." at the school commissioner, and at the county board of magistrates; and appears to have no love nor reserve for anybody but himself and the conductors of institutes, whom he calls "gentlemen of the first water," by which I suppose he means gentlemen with the *Hydrocephalus*, or big-head, like himself. He seems to think two dollars a very small consideration for the opportunity of having the company of a teacher of an institute. Kentuckians have a great weakness of looking on themselves as gentlemen; and are so jealous of that character, that to deny it to their faces, would instantly subject one to the danger of a rap on the nasal proboscis. He talks of "ethical dignity," and honorable intercourse among teachers, and then illustrates his meaning by the application of such terms as "astute philologist," "predacious donkey," "sylvan philosopher,"—by the last of which term he intimates that my philosophy smells of the woods. I would say from the peculiar shape of his initials, that J. O. F.'s philosophy smells of the hogs. He is particularly sensitive on the subject of institutes, from which fact I would judge that he either belongs to the "ring" or has a great ambition to do so. If he can just get the title of Dr. or Prof. stuck to his name he can knock round over the country during vacation holding institutes, instruct the people, and make "gentlemen" of the teachers, and besides all that, make his "jock" very handsomely. An institute teacher reminds me of St. Anthony—

St. Anthony at church was left in the lurch, So he went to the ditches and preached to the fishes,

No sermon beside had the fish so edified;

Much delighted were they, but preferred the old way."

Teachers can be forced to attend the institutes by fines and forfeitures; but attending is one thing and learning is another, and so long as legal compulsion is resorted to, will the institutes be obnoxious and hateful to those for whose benefit they purport to have been created.

He contends for a uniformity of school books. Why should he at

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Farm for Sale

On the 31st day of November, 1875, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, the farm of Archibald Patterson, situated on the line between the Hartford and Condit's Ferry roads, 14 miles from Pt. Pleasant, in Ohio county. It contains one hundred acres cleared, and 67 in woods; has good dwelling house, barn, crib, dairy, orchard, well and cistern. Terms three equal payments, in six, twelve and eighteen months from day of sale, purchaser giving bond and approval security.

G. W. PATTERSON, Executor.

SAM LARKINS,

FASHIONABLE

BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,

Would respectfully announce that he has returned to Hartford, and resumed the Barbering business in all its branches, at his old stand, the first door northwest of W. H. Williams Store, where he will be happy to receive the patronage of the public.

Primary Higher English, \$20.00
Journal 13.00 Latin & Greek, 25.00
Individual fees and in advance, \$1.00

Special attention paid to fitting boys for College. Board can be obtained at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week. For further information apply to the Principal, or to the undersigned.

SAM. E. HILL, Trustee.

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

G. M. Brown's Admr., plff., against

Charles Yoham's heirs, dfts. } Equity.

All persons having claims against the estate of Granville M. Brown, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C.

August 11, 1875. n32-1m

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Charles Yoham's Admr., plff., against

Charles Yoham's heirs, dfts. } Equity.

All persons having claims against the estate of Charles Yoham, deceased, are requested to

produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C.

August 11, 1875. n32-1m

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Mrs. Rosa Tichenor's Admr., plff., against

Mrs. Rosa Tichenor's heirs, dfts. } Equity.

All persons having claims against the estate of Mrs. Rosa Tichenor, deceased, are requested to

produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C.

August 11, 1875. n32-1m

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All persons having claims against the estate of Mrs. Rosa Tichenor, deceased, are requested to

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E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C.

August 11, 1875. n32-1m

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Leaves Paducah at 8:00 p m and arrives at

Leitchfield at 8:25 p m

Leitchfield at 12:37 p m

Minerva at 1:15 " "

Beaver Dam at 2:55 " "

Owensboro Junction at 2:55 " "

Greenville at 3:20 " "

Nortonville Junction at 5:20 " "

Paducah at 9:00 " "

The

THE HERALD.

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY,
—BY—
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,
AT THE PRICE OF
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is prepaid at this office.

Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year, invariably in advance.

Should the paper suspend publication, from any cause, during the year, we will refund the money due us, and, if you desire, or furnish subscriber for the unexpired term, with any paper of the same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited; except those of saloon keepers and dealers in intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our columns under any circumstances.

All communications and contributions for publication must be addressed to the Editor.

Communications in regard to advertising, and job work must be addressed to the Publishers.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.
Hon. Jas. Haycraft, Attorney, Elizabethtown.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.

M. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May and November, and continues four weeks each term.

COURT-COURT.
Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.

Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.
Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.
Begins on the first Mondays in October and January.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.

G. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Bowell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Caney District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice, held March 5, June 17, December 18. E. F. Tilford, Justice, held March 18, December 4.

Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown, Justice, held March 3, June 15, September 2, December 16. D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.

Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Rend, Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 30, December 15. T. S. Bennett, Justice, held March 16, June 28, September 1, December 30.

Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton, Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11, December 27. S. Woodward, Justice, March 21, June 20, September 23, December 11.

Forterville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb, Justice, March 8, June 19, September 8, December 22. J. L. Barton, Justice, March 29, June 7, September 22, December 8.

Ellis District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, March 9, June 21, September 9, December 27. Jas. Miller, Justice, March 22, June 8, September 22, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Jno. P. Cooper, Justice, March 13, June 23, September 14, December 29. A. B. Bennett, Justice, March 25, June 11, September 27, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin, Justice, March 27, June 15, September 29, December 17. Melvin Taylor, Justice, March 17, June 30, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen, Justice, March 12, June 24, September 13, December 28. Jno. M. Leach, Justice, March 26, June 12, September 24, December 14.

Sulphur Spring District, No. 10.—R. G. Wedding, Justice, March 19, June 5, September 21, December 7. Jno. A. Bennett, Justice, March 6, June 18, September 7, December 21.

Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cummings, Justice, March 10, June 22, September 10, December 21. J. S. Yates, Justice, March 23, June 9, September 24, December 10.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Monday in January, April, July and October.

Beaver Dam—E. W. Conner, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell—A. P. Montague, Judge, first Tuesday in January, April, July and October.

Corralo—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturday in March, June, September and December.

We are glad to announce that Dr. W. J. Berry, who has been sick for several days past, was on the streets a few days ago.

General Seldon Connor, Governor elect of Maine, was formerly a pupil of Westbrook Seminary, Me., of Malcolm McIntyre, Principal of Hartford Seminary.

We hear of several new buildings being erected in town. This looks like business, and is a good indication that times are better than they have been.

Mr. W. P. Walton, editor of the Stanford *Interior Journal*, and Miss Kate Huffman, were married at Stamford, Ky., September 14th. We wish them much joy.

Among the many attractions at the Ovensboro Fair, will be a grand balloon ascension. We are sorry the Directors of our association have abandoned the idea of having anything of this kind. Lively people make lively times, and thus Ovensboro prospers.

Mr. Jerome B. Wells returned to his home in this place from a pleasure trip to London, England, and to Glasgow, Scotland, via New York and Louisville, last Thursday. We are indebted to him for two very interesting letters, which appeared in former issues, and hope he will give us more regard to his travels.

Jas. H. Likens, a farmer who resides a few miles from town, was hauling some household furniture to Dixon, Ky., one day last week, and on his return home, fell from his wagon and was run over, the wheels passing over his neck and breast, which will probably cause him to lose his life. His wife was sent for immediately. Mr. Likens would take his "toddle" when an opportunity offered itself, and it is thought by many that he was under the influence of whisky when he met with this misfortune.

Capt. Sam. K. Cox left for the Louisville Exposition Monday.

Mauzy & Hurt's advertisement speaks for itself. Read it, and you will see what they propose to do.

Pretty cold days, these.

L. J. Lyon has a new sign, it is the most attractive of any in town.

Have your skates sharpened, for they will soon be in demand unless it gets warmer.

Address, enclosing the money, with name, post-office address, county and State, legibly written.

Jno. P. BARRETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,

Hartford, Ky.

Special Notice.

All persons indebted to this office, will please call and pay up, as we are in urgent need of some money. We cannot run a newspaper without money, and hence we are under the necessity of collecting as fast as amounts fall due.

Meeting of the Ohio County Court.

The next regular meeting of the Ohio County Council, P. of H., will be held at the courthouse in Hartford, on Friday, October 1st, 1875.

R. P. Hocker, Sec'y.

Hon. R. P. Hocker, Representative elect from this county, has been seriously ill for the past two weeks, but when we last heard from him, he was in a fair way of recovery.

Hom. Finis H. Little, formerly of Calhoun, Ky., now of Aberdeen, Mississippi, has received the Republican nomination for Congress in his district.

John P. Barrett, Esq., editor of the Hartford HERALD, was in the city during the week. He is a genial gentleman, and we hope to meet him often and know him better.—Ovensboro Examiner.

Thank you, Mr. Armstrong. The desire for a further acquaintance is mutual. Come and see us.

The wife of Mr. Lee Lumpkin, editor of the Ovensboro *Examiner*, died on Sunday the 12th inst.

BORN.

Born, on Thursday, the 16th day of September, 1875, to Mrs. Lucy Klein, wife of John M. Klein, of this place, a daughter—Lucy.

There will be an effort made at the October term of the Ohio County Court to change the voting place in District No. four from Bell's Store to Buford.

Rev. Mr. Cundiff did not preach at the courthouse Sunday morning, but delivered a fine sermon Sunday night.

Mr. Isaac Dewees, of Grayson county, called on us last Friday. He is a good fellow, and sharp as a tack.

E. Small returned home from the East last Saturday where he has been to buy a large stock of goods, which he is now receiving.

One day last week Mr. W. T. Woodward shot and killed an owl which measured four feet seven inches from tip to tip of its wings. Mr. Woodward says it was sufficiently large to carry off an infant.

All the Latest Styles
of clothing at J. Winter & Cos., Louisville. Garments made to order. See for yourselves when you visit the city. Prices moderate and every article guaranteed.

Mr. William Wallace Maxwell was in town last Friday, and paid this office a visit and left his name and money for a copy of the HERALD, an example which all good citizens ought to imitate.

Our friends in and about Rockport, will endeavor to have a voting district established at the next term of County Court, with Rockport, as the place of voting.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the new advertisement of L. Rosenberg & Bro. They are among the liveliest business men of this place, and will do the fair thing with their customers. Give them a call whether you wish to make a purchase or not.

The Novelties of the Season
at the great Clothing House of J. Winter & Co., corner 3d and Market Streets, Louisville. Don't buy elsewhere until you have seen their magnificent stock and heard their low prices.

Mr. Grossic B. Williams was elected delegate to represent Hartford Lodge at the Grand Lodge, which will be held in Louisville, commencing October 12, 1875.

We are obliged to Deputy County Clerk, E. R. Murrell, for furnishing us, with a list of the taxable property in Ohio county, which we will publish next week.

We are glad to announce that Dr. W. J. Berry, who has been sick for several days past, was on the streets a few days ago.

Transfers of Real Estate.
The following transfers of real estate have been lodged for record since our last report, viz:

Felix H. Black to Garland D. Black, 42½ acres on Panther Creek, \$300 00.

Geo. W. Gibson to Robert W. Gibson, ½ of 150 acres on Hardinsburg road, \$300 00.

Stephen Westerfield to school district No. 83, \$4 00.

We are thankful for a complimentary ticket to attend the Muhlenberg County Agricultural and Mechanical Association, which commences on the 13th day of October, 1875. We would be glad to attend, but it comes off on the same time of our own fair.

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Mauzy & Hurt's advertisement speaks for itself. Read it, and you will see what they propose to do.

Farmers have been busy for the last few days cutting their tobacco. We have reports from various portions of the county, and can safely say there is two-thirds of a crop, and looks well. If it can be housed without being frost-bitten, more money will be realized from this staple than has been in either of the last two years.

We call attention to the advertisements of the Master Commissioner. There are several estates referred to him, and he will close his reports on the 16th day of October, 1875, and the claims not filed by that time will be left out in the cold.

We received yesterday evening, some Premium Lists of the Calhoun Fair, which commences Tuesday, October 19, and continues five days.

Charles Southerland and James J. Nester, (white), and John Priest, (colored), were arrested in Ovensboro last week, charged with burglary. They were caught in the very act. They were held over on bail of \$600 each.

The board of Directors of the Ohio County Agricultural and Mechanical Fair Association held a meeting last Saturday. Mr. Z. Wayne Griffin resigned as President, and was tendered a vote of thanks for the manner in which he has presided and conducted the affairs of the association. Mr. Warren Barnett, first Vice President, is now President. Jas. A. Thomas was appointed to rent out the booths. A. T. Nall was appointed as agent to make contracts with all persons desiring privileges inside during the fair. It was decided to have no balloon ascension this year. R. B. Johnson was appointed ring-marshall. The President was authorized to make a contract with some one to furnish feed. The prospects are bright for a very interesting fair. Come everybody, and let's have a good old time. Remember it begins on the 12th of October, and continues five days.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of Walton's Creek Grange, held September the 11th, 1875, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, It has seemed good to the Almighty Disposer of events, to remove from our midst our late worthy and esteemed fellowmember, Oliver P. Rowe; and

WHEREAS, The intimate relations long held by the deceased with the members of this Grange, renders it proper that we should place upon record our appreciation of his services as a Patron, and his merits as a man; therefore,

Resolved, That we deplore the loss of Oliver P. Rowe with deep feeling of regret, softened only by the confident hope that his spirit is with those who, having fought the good fight here, are enjoying perfect happiness in a better world.

Resolved, That we tender to his afflicted relatives our sincere condolence, and our earnest sympathy in their affliction at the loss of one who was a good citizen, a devoted Patron, and an upright man.

Resolved, That we sincerely regret the inability of the members of this Grange to attend our deceased brother to the grave in a body.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the Master, and certified by the Secretary of this Grange be transmitted to the relatives of the deceased.

Resolved, That the HARTFORD HERALD be requested to publish the above resolutions. J. R. WADE, Master, J. M. Bishop, Sec'y.

Wallace Gruehl has severed his connection with the HARTFORD HERALD by transferring his interest to W. R. Bonner and W. A. Gibson, both of whom are printers and clever young men, and will aid in continuing to make the HERALD a welcome visitor to many an Ohio county home. We wish them success.—M. L. County Progress.

Thanks, Brother Walter, for your compliments and kind wishes.

Dora Sullenger was up before his honor, F. P. Morgan, Police Judge of Hartford, on Thursday last, charged with taking some rails that was not his own. There was no case against him, however, and a "nolle prosequi" was entered, and he was discharged. Dora has always been regarded as one of our best colored men, and has been trusted in various ways by different parties, and has always come out square, and we regret that he was arrested when there was no sufficient cause.

The Beaver Dam Lottery Suit.

This was a suit brought by J. H. Miller et al. vs. G. M. Bibb et al. at the May term of the Ohio Circuit Court, 1874, and was decided in favor of the plaintiffs. An appeal was taken by the defendants to the court of Appeals, and was argued before that court on the 19th day of February, 1875; Since that time, nothing has been heard from it until yesterday, when the judgment of the lower court was affirmed.

John P. Barrett, Esq., editor of the Hartford HERALD, was in the city during the week. He is a genial gentleman, and we hope to meet him often and know him better.—Ovensboro Examiner.

Thank you, Mr. Armstrong. The desire for a further acquaintance is mutual. Come and see us.

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THE HERALD.



AGRICULTURAL.

Middlemen.

I am no Granger, though not unfavorable to the Order. I bid God speed to any society that will do good, and if the Patrons of Husbandry do not too far lose sight of its original principle, I believe it will do good. Still, I do not propose to join them, as I believe the good they will do could be accomplished in a better way. But this is not what I intend to write about. Middlemen is my theme—the hunted, despised, forsaken middlemen. The Grangers say they want to make them producers, instead of useless consumers. The object seems to be to drive them on to the farm, make them plow, sow, reap and mow, and add to the already overflowing granaries of the West. Would this really benefit the farmer? Is it to his interest to increase the number of producers? Would it not be better to double the number of consumers? This is the very difficulty, itself, in the West. There are too many producers, and not enough consumers. This is what makes low prices and hard times. Grain must be shipped across the continent and to Europe, at an enormous expense, to obtain buyers. If an army of middlemen, with plenty of money, were let loose in each of the great grain producing States to-day, we should see prices run up rapidly, and better times would come at once. All the traders of the country are middlemen, strictly, and their number is legion. They must live, and to their activity and energy the farmer is largely indebted for what little stir there is in the financial world. Banish all these consumers, or worse yet, turn them to producers of farm products, and the farmer would very soon pray to be delivered "from himself."

This question is regarded by Grangers only on one side. They can see nothing but the "commission ye middlemen gets," and the benefits, the advantages, are totally disregarded. Give the devil his due. If you want to fight, "take a man of your own size." Go for monopolies, and corruption in high places, and ignorance and superstition in low places, and all the various forms of evil that exist in the land. Don't begrudge the merchant his little "five per cent," and give the dram-seller "two hundred," besides your character and hopes of salvation. We do not insinuate that Grangers are favorable to the liquor interest, but we know some members to whom this advice will apply, and they are loudest in their denunciations of middlemen.

I said the Order could be the means of accomplishing good, but it must return to its "first love"—the moral, educational, and social elevation of its members—if it would save itself. The saving and getting of money seems to be the principal objects, and all the noble sentiments expressed in the original "Declaration of Principles," which I can heartily endorse, are rarely referred to, much less labored for.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

The Press and Our Order.

Has it ever occurred to the members of our Order that the great lever in the Grange movement has been the Press? Our enemies realize this, and are seeking in every way to undermine and destroy this great influence. They see that without the agency of the press we are at their mercy. They realize its importance, and bring it to bear against us with all the power of which they are capable. The noble army of papers that have been battling for the farmer have had no royal road upon which to travel. Attacked on all sides by the old established journals of the land, they had to be very vigilant lest some advantage might be taken and the cause suffer unjustly. There are about twenty papers in the United States that are avowed advocates of the Order; these have worked manfully, and they are gratified that their efforts have not been in vain. They have met and won over many opponents; have encouraged weak Patrons; furnished them potent arguments with which to combat ignorance, and have made the farming interest a power in the land, instead of, as before, a prey to middlemen. Hencefore the farmers as a class have had no champions, and they have permitted themselves to be despised and snubbed on every hand; now they are commencing to feel their importance as a class, and it is mainly due to the influence of that portion of the Press that has advocated their cause.

Will they appreciate this, and see to it that their organs are sustained? Every Patron and, indeed, farmer should subscribe to a paper of this nature. Farmers

must be upheld and vindicated through the Press, and the farmer must keep posted through papers devoted to his interests. The little money it takes to subscribe to a good paper will not be missed by the farmer, while it will, when a sufficient number subscribe, sustain the paper.—*Weekly Grange.*

National Grange Principles.

The following declarations of purpose was enunciated at the late meeting of the National Grange, which principles faithfully adhered to, they claim, will insure their mental, moral, social and material advancement.

We shall endeavor to advance our cause by laboring to accomplish the following objects:

1. To develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves.

2. To enhance the comforts and attractions of our homes and strengthen our attachments to our pursuits.

3. To foster mutual understanding and co-operation.

4. To maintain inviolate our laws, and to emulate each other in labor to hasten the good time coming.

5. To reduce our expenses, both individual and co-operative.

6. To buy less and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining.

7. To diversify our crops, and crop no more than we can cultivate.

8. To increase the weight of our exports, selling less in the bushel, and more on hoof and in fleece.

9. To systematize our work and calculate intelligently on probabilities.

10. To discountenance the credit system, the mortgage system, the fashion and every other system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy.

11. We propose meeting together, talking together, working together, buying together, and in acting together for our mutual protection and advancement, as occasion may require.

12. We shall avoid litigation as much as possible by arbitration in the Grange.

13. We shall constantly strive to secure entire harmony, good will, vital brotherhood among ourselves and to make our order perpetual.

14. We shall earnestly endeavor to suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalries, all selfish ambition.

To Cure Split Hoofs.

I had a horse that had both hoofs split from top to bottom. He could not walk without his feet spreading apart. I kept him for three months on straw one foot deep in the stable, but all did no good. At last I went to the blacksmith shop and had heavy shoes made which spread wide at the heels. To these heavy shoes there was welded, at the outside of each heel, a piece made of shoe nail iron. These pieces were made to fit well around the foot, about an inch below the hair. I let the pieces come together within half an inch each and turned up about three-fourths of an inch. In the turn-up part a hole was made to receive a bolt an inch long with a square head and screw and nut on the other end. On nailing the shoes on and putting the bolt in and screwing on the nut the foot was brought together. In this way I was enabled to work him every day if I wished. Previous to this my horse had not walked one mile in three months. Next day after I had the shoes put on I drove him in a carriage twenty miles, and I have used him right along.—*Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

About Fattening Cattle.

The price of cattle fattened for market depends on the symmetry of the animal, as well as the "fat" style, as shippers term it. Good blood is important, but not absolutely necessary, to make what is termed a good seller. In order to fatten a steer to bring the highest market price, he must be kept in a growing condition from a calf, and in no case allowed to go hungry. It is the starving the first and second winters which wilts and shrivels up a steer, that causes him to be sold at a reduced price. No amount of feeding will make him a first-class seller, no difference what his color or blood. An animal well fed, of any blood, from a calf until the spring he is three years old, will be smooth, with bones well covered and will sell at a profit; while a half-starved animal becomes crooked in the back, bones projecting, and shrivelled up, takes the best part of summer to get in condition to live, and will not be in condition for market until he is four years old, and then will bring a price which is unsatisfactory to the producers and to every one that handles him. This is no theory, but a fact deduced from close observation, as I have tested the plan for several years. It will and does pay to feed corn to calves and to yearlings. They start out to grass in the spring strong and vigorous. You are then able to

market your cattle the spring they are three years old, weighing 1,400 pounds, which is heavy enough to bring the first price.

The best steer I sold in 1872 was a common native. He had all he could eat from a calf, and was never hungry. He was a handsome animal, and was worth more per pound than any I shipped in 1872.—*Drovers' Journal.*

National Grange Principles.

The following declarations of purpose was enunciated at the late meeting of the National Grange, which principles faithfully adhered to, they claim, will insure their mental, moral, social and material advancement.

We shall endeavor to advance our cause by laboring to accomplish the following objects:

1. To develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves.

2. To enhance the comforts and attractions of our homes and strengthen our attachments to our pursuits.

3. To foster mutual understanding and co-operation.

4. To maintain inviolate our laws, and to emulate each other in labor to hasten the good time coming.

5. To reduce our expenses, both individual and co-operative.

6. To buy less and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining.

7. To diversify our crops, and crop no more than we can cultivate.

8. To increase the weight of our exports, selling less in the bushel, and more on hoof and in fleece.

9. To systematize our work and calculate intelligently on probabilities.

10. To discountenance the credit system, the mortgage system, the fashion and every other system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy.

11. We propose meeting together, talking together, working together, buying together, and in acting together for our mutual protection and advancement, as occasion may require.

12. We shall avoid litigation as much as possible by arbitration in the Grange.

13. We shall constantly strive to secure entire harmony, good will, vital brotherhood among ourselves and to make our order perpetual.

14. We shall earnestly endeavor to suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalries, all selfish ambition.

To Cure Split Hoofs.

I had a horse that had both hoofs split from top to bottom. He could not walk without his feet spreading apart. I kept him for three months on straw one foot deep in the stable, but all did no good. At last I went to the blacksmith shop and had heavy shoes made which spread wide at the heels. To these heavy shoes there was welded, at the outside of each heel, a piece made of shoe nail iron. These pieces were made to fit well around the foot, about an inch below the hair. I let the pieces come together within half an inch each and turned up about three-fourths of an inch. In the turn-up part a hole was made to receive a bolt an inch long with a square head and screw and nut on the other end. On nailing the shoes on and putting the bolt in and screwing on the nut the foot was brought together. In this way I was enabled to work him every day if I wished. Previous to this my horse had not walked one mile in three months. Next day after I had the shoes put on I drove him in a carriage twenty miles, and I have used him right along.—*Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

Rye for Hots in Horses.

A prominent citizen and granger stated to me that some years ago he had a fine horse in bad health, and was advised to give him rye as a remedy for borts, or worms—taking the bundle and cutting fine from the head end, so as to use only the heads and the small end of the straw among the heads, mixing meal or bran with the fine-cut heads and straw, and then starving the horse a few hours, so that he would eat a good mess of it. My friend followed the prescription, and he states that he never saw so many worms come from a horse before under any treatment. His horse recovered his health and did good service for many years. My friend keeps up the use of the rye among his horses, with good effect. His horses are all fat.—*Cor. Weekly Grange.*

The Poultry Interest.

According to a correspondent of the *Intelligencer*, there were shipped at the railroad station in Quakerstown, Pa., from the 17th to the 24th of March, ult., a period of one week, the commission men sent from the same place four thousand two hundred and fifty-two dozen eggs (4,252 dozen), and they inform me that in a month from this time their shipments will be nearly double that amount. When we consider that this is merely the surplus of one neighborhood; after each family had used freely for its own use, the aggregate product seems almost incredible. This leads me to believe that the introduction of improved breeds of poultry is of more advantage to our farmers than that of any other stock.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Valuable Recipes.

CLEANSING PICTURE FRAMES.

Black walnut frames will become dull and rusty looking. They may be renewed by first dusting thoroughly with a stiff brush to remove dust and then applying pure linseed oil, with a proper brush; in the absence of a brush, a piece of new bleached muslin will answer the purpose.

SPANISH PICKLE.

Take 1½ dozen large cucumbers—if fresh, put them in

brine 4 or 5 days—if salt, soak in water 24 hours; 2 heads of cabbage chopped fine; let the cabbage lie in salt 8 hours; 2 or 3 dozen seed onions; 8 green pepper pods, soaked in salt water. Squeeze all the above ingredients as dry as possible with the hands. Then place a layer of the articles in a kettle, alternately with a layer of seasoning composed of 2 ounces white mustard seed, 1 ounce celery seed, 1 25 cent box of Coleman's mustard, 1 ounce turmeric, and 2 pounds of white sugar, the whole mixed with a moderate quantity of good strong vinegar. Boil half an hour, or until it thickens, and then bottle tight.

TO DRY PUMPKIN.—Take the ripe pumpkins, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander, as if for making pies. Spread this pulp on plates, in layers not quite an inch thick; dry it in the stove oven, which should be kept at so low a temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day, it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can be stowed in a dry place, and they are always ready for use for pies or sauces. The quick drying after cooking prevents any portion from slightly souring, as is nearly always the case when the uncooked pieces are dried; the flavor is much better preserved, and the after cooking is saved. Touse: Soak pieces over night in a little milk, and they will return to a nice pulp as delicious as the fresh pumpkin.

PORK CUTLETS.—Fry to a nice brown; beat three eggs with three spoonfuls of flour, dip each slice in the batter, and fry again, until the batter is cooked. This is very nice.

SALT PORK STEW.—Slice and fry the pork without freshening; put the pork, well drained, into a kettle of boiling water; add six potatoes sliced, and boil twenty minutes. Season to taste, and serve hot.

GOOD PASTE.—Paste that will keep unchanged in warm weather may be made in the following manner: Put a teaspoonful of powdered alum in two quarts of water, and let it boil. Mix a pint of flour smoothly into a pint of cold water, and stir it into the boiling alum water, continuing the boiling and stirring until the flour is cooked and the whole is clear, like starch. Add to this about half a teaspoonful of essential oil of cloves or cinnamon, strain through a wire gauze or perforated tin strainer, and bottle in wide mouthed jars, which should be corked to keep out dust.

SUET PUDDING.—One cub suet, half-cup molasses, one and one-half cups sweet milk, three cups flour, two spoons baking powder, one cup raisins, one cup currants; butter the pan and steam two and one-half hours.

BAKER'S BUNS.—Mix 1½ pounds of sugar with 2 lbs of flour, make a hole in the center of the flour, and pour in half a pint of warm milk and two table-spoonfuls of yeast, make the whole into a batter, and set the dish before the fire, covered up, until the leaven begins to foment; add to this ½ lb of melted butter and milk enough to make a soft paste of all the flour, and let it rise again for half an hour; shape the dough into buns, and lay apart on a buttered tin, in rows, to rise for half an hour; bake in a quick oven. A few currants are added with the butter.

ORANGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half a cup of butter, one-half cup of cold water, three eggs (reserving the whites of two for frosting), two even cups of sifted flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, juice and pulp of one orange. Bake in three jelly tins. Make a frosting of the whites of the eggs, two-thirds of a cup of white sugar, and grated peel of one orange, spreading it on each layer.

IOWA GINGER SNAPS.—Take a coffee cup, put in three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, one teaspoonful of ginger, half a teaspoonful of soda, three table-spoonfuls of butter or lard, and fill the cup with molasses. Mix up and roll out thin. These are favorites of all who eat them.

POTATO SALAD.—A most delicious dish may be made in the following manner: Cut eight or ten good sized cold boiled potatoes in very thin slices, chop half a small onion and a good sized apple very fine, pick the leaves from a handful of green parsley, rinse and chop them. Spread a layer of the potato in a chopping tray; sprinkle liberally with salt, then half the parsley, apple and onion, then the rest of the potato, more salt, and the other half of the parsley, apple and onion.

Pour over the whole a half cup of the best sweet oil or melted butter, and add two-thirds of a cup of vinegar. Mix the whole carefully so as not to break the potatoes, put in a deep dish and garnish with parsley. Suitable for lunch or tea.

TO RENOVATE WALL PAPER.—Dip a woolen cloth in dry corn meal and rub the wall paper with it; this will remove the dust and smoke. Pieces of stale bread have the same effect.

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BRAINS.—To a cultivated appetite these are among the choicest parts of any animal. Brains should be soaked in water to remove all blood from them; then they may be fried in butter till well done. A nice way of preparing them is to boil them in milk for about twenty minutes, pour off the milk and pour over them vinegar. Cooked in this way they are as nice as pickled oysters, from which they can scarcely be told.

Lying is like trying to hide in a fog; if you move about, you are in danger of bumping your head against the truth; as soon as the fog has blown up you are gone again.

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